THE SEYBERT COMMISSION.

IT FINDS FRAUD AMONG MEDIUMS. PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMISSION AP-POINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYL-VANIA TO INVESTIGATE MODERN SPIRITUAL-ISM, in accordance with the request of the late Henry Seybert. Svo, pp. 159. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Shortly before the death of Mr. Henry Seybert, he presented to the University of Pennsylvania a sum of money sufficient to found a Chair of Philosophy, the bequest requiring as a condition the apointment by the University of a commission to investigate "all systems of Morals, Religion and Philosophy which assume to represent the Truth, and particularly of Modern Spiritualism." A commission was accordingly appointed, composed as follows: Dr. William Pepper, Dr. Joseph Leidy, Dr. George A. Koenig, Professor Robert Ellis Thompson, Professor George S. Fullerton and Dr. Horace How ard Furness; to this body were afterward added Mr. Coleman Sellers, Dr. James W. White, Dr. Calvin B. Knerr and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. This commission has now made a preliminary report, but it is of such a character that it would appear hardly worth while to carry the investigation any further. The conclusions reached almost involve the judgment that modern Spiritualism, in so far as it rests upon what are called "physical manifestations," is a gross delusion, fostered by the most palpable, coarse, clumsy and impudent fraud that was ever systematically practised.

oners say that they entered upon The commiss the inquiry without prejudice; nay, that their acting chairman, Dr. Furness, was even auxious to converted to a belief in Spiritualism. But they met with a discouraging experience. All the mediums with whom they had sittings turned out to be impostors. In what is called "independent slate writing," where messages are assumed to be writ-ten by some disembodied force either on the inside of closed double slates or on the underside of single slates held under a table, the exposure of fraud was complete. Two mediums, one a man and the other a woman, and both held in high repute among Spiritualists, were detected in fraudulent practices. The man was seen in the act of substituting prepared slates of his own, on which pretended spirit messages had been written previous to the seance, for the slates brought by the visitors. The woman was caught writing the ages herself on the slate held in her lap under messages herself on the glass, which the commissioner placed on his knees, and which showed her hand at work on the other side of the table. It is true that these two mediums appear to have been the only ones examined for slate-writing, but on the principle ex uno disce omnes the commission inferentially condemns all slate-writing mediumship as imposture.

The investigation of the so-called spirit-rapping does not seem to have yielded the same positive evidence of trickery. In effect the commissioners heard raps and could not tell where they occurred. But they say, "the difficulty attending the investigation of this mode of Spiritualistic manifestation is increased by the fact familiar to physiologists that sounds of varying intensity may be produced in almost any portion of the human body by voluntary muscular action. To determine the exact location of this muscular activity is at times a matter of delicacy." The report adds "that the mediums were invariably and confessedly cognizant of the rappings whenever they occurred and could at once detect any spurious rappings." The connection here is not apparent, and it is difficult to see how recognition of the raps by the mediums can warrant any "assurance" as to the origin and character of the manifestations. The commissioners, however, though so well assured, refrain from "offering any positive conclusion" as to this branch of the inquiry.

As to materializations and what are called "special lines of mediumship," the report is drastic. Nothing but fraud has been encountered. Certainly the mediams appear to have regarded the nission as hostile from the first, and some of them are charged with having prevented investigation by demanding prohibitive fees. This is pplied in particular to an artist in spiritual pho tography, who, according to the report, not only asked an extravagant fee, but also exacted conditions as to the supervision of his mechanical pro-cess which would have made any inquiry a complete farce. Of course practices of this kind justify the most damaging inferences, and the publie will heartily agree with the commission in all it says on the subject. Why it is that the mediums generally should have jumped to the Seybert Commission is probably known only to their position on the matter must be regarded as singularly infelicitous and provocative of just the suspicions which the report tends to change into certainties. Perhaps no better opportunity than the present can be found to remark that the Spiritualistic attitude toward scientific inquiry is in the last degree unreasonable. If the believers in Spiritualism are not concerned in spreading the faith they hold, if they regard it as an esoteric mystery requiring blind credulity as an indispensable preliminary, of course they have a right to take that ground, and in such case there is nothing more to be said. But in fact they do not take this ground. They assert that all the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are as genuine and real as elevated railroads or electric lighting. They challenge inquiry into every phase of the cult. But having done so they virtually insist that the investigators must have their eyes bandaged and their hands tied, and when these conditions are protested against the materialistic scepticism of scientific men is bitterly denounced and they are charged with refusing to accept the plainest and strongest evidence.

The scientific men are really not so perverse Perhaps it is not quite fair in them to insist that the spirits shall manifest in daylight or be put out of court. But even if it be admitted that semiobscurity may be necessary to the manifestation of some occult phenomera (as a similar condition is necessary in the development of the photographic plate), it does not follow that whatever happens in that obscurity ought to be accepted as the work of the spirits. Men of science are taughtalways to seek the easiest and most simple explanation first. When therefore, they are brought into a seance room they proceed by the method of progressive elimination, that is, they try to ascertain in the first place whether the manifestations are explicable natural way, as for instance on the theory that the medium produces them all himself. Now if it turns out that there is nothing to prevent the adoption of this theory ; if, in other words, evidence is found to the effect that the medium not only can but does produce the phenomena himself, there is clearly no occasion to go any further. The supernatural is excluded whenever the natural suffices to explain

This may be unfortunate for Spiritualism of for mediamship, but since, after all, the scientific way is the only way known poor humanity by which the truth about anything can be ascertained, the world as a whole is sure to adhere to it, and whatever cannot or will not stand the test of rational inves tigation must suffer the consequences. Medium-ship, hitherto-we speak of professional mediumship-has unquestionably insisted upon conditions which, while possibly necessary to genuine manifestations, are certainly favorable to fraudulent ones. If under the circumstances it is alleged that necessity of these conditions to genuine manfestations is simply a pretence, and that they are ployed to cover fraud, the mediums cannot complain, for the inference is not only natural and sound, but it is justified by even a superficial

Fraud. It is, indeed, to be remembered that the commission carefully abstains from generaliza-tions. It expressly observes that the mediums it has not examined may be honest; that the phenomena it has not seen may be genuine. Only it is quite positive that the mediums it has examined and the manifestations it has witnessed were neither the one nor the other. It proposes to continue the inquiry if only mediums can be found under whose hands some variation of the monotony of imposture may be developed. Of course the report will not be accepted by the Spiritualists, but at least it is to be hoped that they will meet it otherwise than by reviling. Really it embodies a lesson of the first importance for them if they can learn it. We should do it less than justice if we failed to call attention to some of the special papers in the appendix, several of which possess a literary value quite independent of their importance as evidence. Dr. Horace Howard Furness contributes the most amusing of these articles. We can cordially recommend the three respectively entitled "Mediumistic Development," "Sealed Letters," and "Materialization." The second is a really comic account of mystifications entered into with an alleged medium who pretended to give spirit answers to sealed letters. Some new and weighty evidence is given in another paper concerning the famous experiments of Professor Zoellner with Henry Slade, the medium. Doubtless the report will call out much controversial writing among Spiritualists, but all who read it dispassionately must conclude that it is not to be met successfully in that way. As it stands it is a strongly drawn indictment.

A BICYCLE TOURIST. THE NEWEST THING IN TRAVEL.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE. Vol. I From San Francisco to Teheran. By THOMAS STEVENS. With over one hundred illustrations. Syo. pp. 547. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The main facts of Mr. Stevens's bicycle expedition ound the world have been made known to the readers of Outing through the traveller's letters, but the general public probably bave so fragmentary an idea of what befell him on the way that the detailed narrative of which this handsome volume constitutes the first instalment will be welcomed. It is thoroughly worth reading, not only because it describes scenes witnessed by no previous traveller; not only because it presents quite novel views of many things, particularly in the Orient; but because it is written in a natural, pleasant, unpretentious and light-handed manner, and exhibits shrewd observation, a sound travelling philosophy, and an equable temper, on the part of the author. The discomfort to which he was often exposed might have tried any one's patience, but he treats all the unpleasantnesses he encounters as mevitable, and dismisses them easily with a little humorous plaint or mild sarcasm. Starting from San Francisco Mr. Stevens made his way across the continent to New-York, experiencing some small adventnres and many vicissitudes of climate on the way. Sometimes he was hot, sometimes he was cold sometimes he found it as difficult to procure feed as though he had been in Asia Minor or Persia. From New-York he went to England, where he had a most hospitable reception and was made much of. Then he passed over to France and so made his way in a somewhat leisurely fashion to Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and finally to Teheran, where the end of this volume leaves nim.

Of course his peculiar mode of travelling at-

tracted much attention. All through the more civilized parts of Europe the press neralded his advance and so caused a lookout for him to be kept. But the general want of familiarity with bicycles made a sort of peripatetic miracle of him for the peasantry, who never ceased from the half-superstitions amazement into which the strange spectacle of a man mounted on a great wheel threw them. Mr. Stevens was poorly equipped in one respect for so extended an expedition, for he could speak no language but English. This deficiency inevitably caused him much embarrasement, and at various times rendered him so dependent upon strangers that if they had been ill-disposed it would have been easy for them to get him into serious trouble. But his confidence in the average honesty and good intentions of mankind was justified by the outcome. Nowhere was he taken undue advantage of. Of course people who cheat habitually and systematically in selling goods did not refrain from their custom on his behalf, but at least they did not try to cheat him more than others, or because he was a helpless stranger. Indeed more than once when some peculiarly avaricious vender tried the conclusion that they had nothing to expect from to impose on him to the extent of two or three farthings the neighbors instantly detected and themselves, but from the point of view of the public exposed the attempted extortion, and loaded the culprit with reproaches, at the same time compe ling him to refund. The freedom and security in which the author travelled through those Oriental countries which are known to be infested with lawless nomad tribes and with organized bands of brigands is indeed surprising. He had no protection but a small sized Smith & Wesson revolver which he only procured at Constantinople, having previously carried a bulldog pistol with which he could scarcely hit a tarn door at ten paces. Yet he never found it necessary to fire point-blank at a man, and only discharged the weapon once between Constantinople and Teheran, and that was a shot fired over the heads of some country louts who were following and annoying him. In the rural districts of Persia he was occasionally pelted by village boys, but so he might have been in several parts either of the United States or Great Britain, hoodlamism" not being by any means confined to Asiatic countries, where in truth it is far less common than among what in our beautiful humility we call " the higher civilizations,"

In passing through Asia Minor Mr. Stevens was exposed to the good-humored but oppressive curiosity of the inhabitants. Whenever he arrived at a village the crowd began'exhorting him to "bin (ride) for their amusement, and no matter how fatigued he might be he generally had to gratify them before he could obtain leisure to eat his supper. At the mehanas or native taverus where he lodged little or no privacy was possible, and he adopted the practice of engaging some stalwart native to stand guard over the bicycle, which was the cynosure of all eyes, and if not watched constantly would have been pulled to pieces by the enthusiastic crowds. He was warned against the Circassians and the Koords in turn, as being likely to seize the first opportunity to rob him. He did have a slight difference with a couple of Koords, who while supposing him unarmed thought their swords a sufficient argument for the surrender of his belongings, but when he produced the revolver they instantly saw the error of that conclusion and hastened to remove themselves from his path. The Circassians never troubled him at all, and as for the fierce-looking Turks, with their belts full of weapons, he reached the conclusion that as a rule they are a very mild and peaceable foik; and seeing that his machine frequently frightened their horses and sometimes procured both animals and riders heavy falls, the fact that they never resented these accidents justifies the belief in their mildness.

He was more annoyed by a large band of dogs cept in the Angora goat region to tend the herds, for these faithful guardians translated their astonishment at the bicycle into uncontrollable anger, which resulted in furious rushes upon the rider, and then he had to dismount, use the machine as a shield, and try to pick up stones to drive the dogs off with. He dared not shoot them, lest their owners should resent the act, and it is a wonder, and speaks highly for his alertness, that he escaped being bitten. The following sketch of his arrival at an Asiatic village at night, and how he fared, will serve for a wider tract of country :

plain, for the inference is not only natural and sound, but it is justified by even a superficial knowledge of human nature.

The report of the Seybert Commission bears out every one of these observations. They have investigated Spiritualism and have found only Frand. The stable cant of the Spiritualists, that inquirers always get what they are looking for, is not to the point. Doubtless it may be said that people who that their eyes and stuff their ears and submit to be handcuffed get what they seem to be seeking, for they are "fooled to the top of their bent." But the man who resolutely sets out to find whatfart the man who resolutely sets out to find whatfart the man who resolutely sets out to find whatfart the man who resolutely sets out to find whatfart the man who resolutely sets out to find whatfart the serve for a wider tract of country:

Trundling through the town in quest of a khan. I am soon surrounded by a clamorous crowd; and passing the house or office of the guidr of the guidr of the place, that person sallies forth, and, after assertaining the cause of the gowmotion, begs me to favor the crowd and himself by riding round a vacant piece of ground hard by. After this performance, a respectable-looking man beekons me to be his guest, for Geiveh is too near Europe for this sort of thing—to a khan kent by a Greek with a mote in one eye, where a "shake down " on the floor, a cup of coffee or a glass of vishner is obtainable, and opposite which another Greek keeps an eating-house. There is no separate kitchen in this later establishment as in the one at Ismidt; one room answers for cooking, eating, nargilen smoking, coffee-sipping, and gossiping; and while I am eating-house. There is no separate kitchen in this later establishment as in the one at Ismidt, I am tequested to examine for myself the contents of a several pots. Most of them contain a greaty mixture of the place of the guident proud a vacant piece of ground hard by. After this performance, a lespectable-looking man beekons me to be handcuffe

ure or coopped meat and tomaçoes stewed together, with no visible difference between them save in the sizes of the pieces of meat; but one vessel contains pillau, and of this and some interior red wine I make my supper. Prices for eatables are ridiculously low; I hand him a cherik for the surper; he beckons me out of the back door, and there, with none save ourselves to witness the transaction, he counts me out two piestres change, which left him ten cents for the supper. He has probably been guity of the awful crime of charging me about three farthings over the regular price, and was afraid to venture upon so iniquitous a proceeding in the public room lest the Turks should perchance detect him in cheating an Englishman, and revenge the wrong by making him feed me for nothing.

A new way of supporting a newspaper, invented I

A new way of supporting a newspaper, invented by a Turkish Pacha, is worth extracting: "The Vali is one of the most energetic pachas in Turkey, says Mr. Weakley, as we take our depart-ure. "You would scarcely believe that he has es-tablished a small weekly newspaper here, and makes it self-supporting into the bargain, would you?"

makes it self-supporting into the bargain, would you?"

"I confess I don't see how he manages it among these people," I reply, quite truthfully, for these are anything but newspaper supporting people; "how does he manage to make it self-supporting?"

"Why, he makes every employe of the Government subscription price is kept back out of their salaries; for instance, the mularim of zaptichs would have to take half a dozen copies, the mulaserif a dozen, etc.; if from any unforescen cause the current expenses are found to be more than the income, a few additional copies are saddled on each 'subscriber."

What a "Christian" means in the Orient is amusingly illustrated by the author's experience with some Armenians who attempted to frateraize with him on the basis of a common religious faith. After the usual programme of questions, they sug-

After the usual programme of questions, they suggest:

"Being an Englishman, you are of course, a Christian," by which they mean that I am not a Mussulman.
"Certainly," I reply: whereupon they lug me into one of their wine-shops and tender me a glass of raki (a corruption of "arrack" raw, fiery spirits of the kind known among the English soldiers in India by the suggestive pseudonym of "fixed bayonets". Smelling the raki, I make a wry face and shove it away: they look surprised and order the waiter to bring cognac; to save the waiter the trouble, I make another wry face, indicative of disapproval, and suggest that he bring visiner-su.
"Vishner-su" two or three of them sing out in a chorus of blank amazement: "Ingilis? Christi-an? Vishner-su" they exclaim, as though such a preposterons and unaccountable thing as a Christian partaking of a non.intoxicatingbeveragelike vishner-su is altogether beyond their comprehension.

Arriving at Teheran, Mr. Stevens was well received by the Shab, and made himself immensely

ceived by the Shah, and made himself immensely popular with the army, on two distinct occasions breaking up the organization of ten thousand troops by the appearance of his bicycle, and winning the delighted admiration of the commanding general and his staff, to whom the spoiling of two reviews was evidently a matter of no consequence. The second volume of the report of the expedition will probably contain more hair-breadth escapes and thrilling scenes, as it deals with the wilder countries, but the journey from San Francisco to Teheran is capitally told, full of genial humor and bright observation; in short, a narrative worthy of this anique journey round the globe.

CARAMEL.

From Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Recilers.

Young amateur reciter, pardon the apparent abruptness of the question—but have you ever loved and been rejected! Because, if you have not, the following poem is beyond your scope. It is delicated exclusively to the blighted, for it deals with a tracic missinderstanding between two fond young hearts, which to some will doubtless appear trivial enough—aithough Mr. Punch has read many a novel in which two lives were shipwrecked upon a rock far less substantial. Yes, there is genuine tragedy in the subject, which can only be properly developed by that insight which comes from bitter experience.

Most young male reciters are persuaded that it has been peculiarly given to them to represent the varying phases of femiulne emotion in a pleasing and dramatic manner. Far be it from Mr. Phach, or his poet, to gainsay their possession of this talent, for the display of which exceptional facilities have been provided in—

THE WOOING OF THE LADY AMABEL.

THE WOOING OF THE LADY AMABEL. boudeir, faintly perfumed by some sweet and subtle vapor.
With the grace of lissome indolence lies Ludy Amabel;
And from time to time her taper fingers plunge within paper, Whence they carry to her coral lips the happy caramel. Tis a dainty well adapted to induce a sentimental Train of thought, and soon her fancy fleets to young Si.

He is handsome, highbred, gentle, tfigures five expres his rental) And—although he has not spoken yet—she little doubt

And—attough is has not spoken for the will in will!

(Give this line with a kind of maidenly archaess. It is more afficult to render this than you perhaps imagine, and we should strongly advise you to rehearse it carefully before a mirror.)

Now she drops in charming girlish guilt the last romance from Mudie's—
For Sir Peveril has entered! all his goodly face aglow with rejuctance to intrude—he's quite aware his conduct rade is.

rade is, But the Countess has assured him that he will not be But the Countess has assured him that he will not be de trop! (With concerned wonder.) She whose mien would grace ceases, now embodied awkwardness is! conceals, as might a village maid, the blush she caunot quell;

Well his object here she guesses, but—although her
answer "Yes" is—
(Confidential axide.) Like a limed bird her fluttering
tongue is clogged with caramel!

(Reading)

(Pause : light narrative tbn.) After many a lame apology for cutting short her reading Young Sir PEVERIL has summoned all his courage to hegin.

And with passion now is pleading. From his tone of in-

terceding
She can gather that he fears her hand is difficult to win
[Air of dainty amusement for this
So he all his eloquence employs—his eyes with ardor

glisten:
All unconscious he's besieging a surrendered citadell) [Confidential astic again
But she cannot tell him this—un-napply, she can bu Here you should indicate slight facial contortio

Making frantic, futile efforts to absorb her caramel!
(Maniy passion.) "Oh, deem not that my burning words a boy's extravagance are—
For I love you with a passion that my tongue would fall [Hand on heart.] to tell!

[Hand on heart, Do I not deserve an answer!" (Rapid change to confidential gaids.) How his rhapsodies entrance her!

(Regretfully.) But the pearly portals of her speech are harred by caramet! barred by carame!

Sir P. oproving anxiety). "Have I been but over-confident—and can I be distasteful

To the one whose guide and stay through life I thought
to have become!

(Desperately.) Then in pity let me know it!" Pause:
then sadly.) But with too cohesive paste full
Is her dewy mouth; and so, perenance, fuir Amabel is
dumb!

dumb! pathetic.
"Never fear that I by sudden scare your judgment would compet?"
(Business here.) She makes efforts energetic to resolve

(Business here.) buy makes energy the seal hermetic of involuntary silence—but 'tis set in caramel! Sir P. (aguan repreachful.) "There was a time when graciously for me you my cigar lit.

And you howered near me as I smoked, and said you 'loved' the smell—
Were you but triling with me then t-with painful consistion—or why that sudden scarlet!"

(Aside.) But she's flushing with exation at her stubborn assessment. caramel. Grieved dignity.) From your silence I must gather you (Griered dignity, From your saction to the control have acted insincerely, And your little feet a bleeding heart have trampled in the dust!

(Broken accents.) For I loved you, ah, so dearly!—but at last I see too clearly

That I've centred all my hopes on one unworthy of my

trust: Can you no word of answer deign—encouraging or chille a fool is he who seeks to touch the heart of a Conjustice obviously unwilling, I—(dawning hope)—but stay, your eyes are filling!
Only whisper one shy syllable, in sign you love me yet!"
[Tender invitation.]
(Trugic recitative.) And she's writhing in her anguish,

with a dreary wonder whether she is under the benumbing blight of some enchanter's spell; For a link of honicd leather locks her ruby lips together, And the pent emotion cannot pass that gar of caramel! Then Sir Peveril, with an agony he vainly seeks to smother,
ays: "Your silence I interpret now-you are no longer
free! [Nod head with mournful knowingness

brother.'
(Which I cannot say I care about!) then—there's no hope
for me!'
[Extend hands, palms upward.
Still this silence! Then I leave you—though you care not to be my mate.
Though you do not hold me worth the boon of e'en a brief good bye.
Should the complete company. good bye, onld the cannibals some time cat me in Afric's sultry dimate.

But are plighted to another, and regard me 'as a

climate.
I may win a posthumous regard entombed within a ple!"
(Bitter emphasis on "posthumous" of a man who feels
himself unappreciated in life.
Thus he leaves her: Down the corridor his heavy footwhile his parting words are ringing in her singing ears a knell; tis hers for evermore to feel her life its dismal ierate indulgence in the tempting caramel!

the poet, on reciting it to two of his auuts found that they wept so uncontrollably, that he was obliged to com-pose a seciative stanza, which he appends here as an alternative ending by way of concession to those who resent too heavy a demand upon their tear-ducts. Then the caramel relents at last!-(you find the phrase fantastic!
But it melts—although from motives not intentionally
kind)—
And she manages to masticate the morsel so elastic.

As she murmurs: "Though I've been to dumb-need you have been so blind?" (Bring in your maidenly arch ness again for last line; rainbow effect.) One last caution; the two concluding stansas ar trictly alternative—so, don't recide them both!

A GREAT NATURAL OURIOSITY. From The Norristown Herald. A new mammoth cave has been discovered in Ker tucky. A mammoth cave was also discovered in Washington last week. We stefer to the President cave, in rescinding his order for the return of the rebit battle flags. MR. SIMMS'S INCUBUS.

AN ALARM IN THE NIGHT. STONY BEACH, June 10.—Randy Rankin lives over in the "Two-mile," Until recently I had supposed that this phrase was a corruption of turmoil, possibly, and was a way of describing a very "thick settled place" that was very busy and noisy. I requested an explanation from Mrs. Marlow, and she water many than the Two wile. informed me that the Two-mile was a shoemaking vilage just two miles from the centre of the town,

hence its descriptive name.

Randy Rankin is the person who is said to have expressed the opinion that it wasn't proper for two women to live alone in a tent with such a kind of a dog as Max. This remark left in doubt the propriety of living with a terrier, or even a Newtoundland as a companion. Randy has been to make a two days' visit to Mrs. Marlow, and she came to call upon us. We are now thoroughly settled at housekeeping. Our We are now thoroughly settled at housekeeping. Our kerosene stove has come, and we are now in the full and successful tide of boarding ourselves. We have, consequently, not tasted fish, lobster or clams for several days. As the butcher comes but once a week netore the season opens, we have had rather a scrambling time to procure food, and have subsisted mostly covers milk and crackers. The two women who on eggs, milk and crackers. The two women who live on the slope of the hill near us, and who were so interested in our unpacking, have each kindly con-tributed to our stores, one a loaf of brown bread, the other a sheet of gingerbread. We were twice grateful, first, for the tood itself; secondly, that it did not come in the shape of any kind of fish.

Our tent is now very comfortable; we rejoice in our dependence, and in our capacity to eating and sleeping. We are even beginning to come out of our purely animal state and look with eyes that see upon It is pleasant to be perched as we are so near the ocean as to be almost over it, and to have its various

sounds continually in our ears.

The tent faces the east; and when we sit in the

door of it of an afternoon we spend much time in looking at Minot's Light, for that granite shatt is the most prominent object in the wide sweep of waters. Everybody knows the charm of watching the different sails coming and going. The stimulating air is always in our nostrils. We are now having a realizing sense that we are camping out at the shore. Since June began to grow toward the middle of its days we see with our opera glasses when we gaze toward the crooked line of shore stretching west, here and there a cottage with open doors and windows. The cottagers are gradually coming, but not until after the Fourth of July will the "season" be really open. It is sad to have to record the fact that Cap'n Asel has been confined to his house for two or three days my an attack of rheumatism, which is said to have been brought on by staying out too late one damp night watching to see what time Mr. Morse would get home with a load of hay from the harbor. Not get home with a load of hy root too make the having seen the Cap'n, we are in entire ignorance of the usual small items concerning the inhabitants of the ridge. We only know that the house at the ond of the ma'sh, where we took our meals, has been the scene of great tribulation. Two nights ago, in the dead waist and middle, the household of the Widow Marlow were startled by a cry from the tront of the house. This cry was twice repeated before it roused

" Man on the roof!" were the words, shouted in the same tone generally used to announce that there is a man overboard. By the time Mrs. Marlos had huddled on a few

lothes there was a great pounding at the front door, and now Mrs. Marlow recognized Marsh Yates's voice as he cried out : "Don't be seart, Miss Marlow, but there's a man on

the root. I thought ye might like to know it."

Certainly it must always be well to know such times as there is a man on the roof. Mrs. Marlow hastened to unfasten the door, and as she flung it open she cried out: "Oh, do, Marsh, go up and git him down !"

"You don't calkilate I c'n shin up the side of a house, do ye "responded Marsh, who had been play-ing "high-low-Jack" somewhere and had been a good while in starting for home.
"I don't care how ye git up," said Mrs. Marlow,
"only jest git up 'n shoo him down."
She spoke in her haste, as it she were reterring to ome kind of a towl.

While this parieying was going on another actor oppeared on the scene. This was Mrs. Waters with an immense blanket shawl trailing on the floor behind her, and a shade hat on her head.

"Oh, my brother!" she exclaimed, trying to wring her hands and hold up her shawl at the same time. Mrs. Marlow was tried.

" Can't ye let your brother alone !" she asked sharp-

y. "There's a man on the root, 'a we are trying to "it him down."
"On the root!" repeated Mrs. Waters wildly. "It's

Oh, get him down! Somebody!"

Marsh inrobed up a little nearer.

"A incubus!" he said with great interest. "Has he got one! Has he got it with him !"

"He isn't in his room." went on Mrs. Waters.
"Oh, why doesn't somebody do something !" Marsh gently seized the lady by the arm and be obtained. It was so late that the moon was up and gare light enough to reveal distinctly the figure of a man dressed in a long white night-robe and stand-Is that your brother?" asked Marsh.

"Yes," said Mrs. Waters in a whisper.
"You c'n be easy 'bout the incubus," said Marsh in the same tone, "ye see he ain't got a solitary thing with him."

For five minutes there was bewilderment and indecision. As she became more calm, Mrs. Waters was afraid to have anything done for fear of startling her brother. Before she could think of any move to make dr. Thomas Simms started somewhat as if from a rance, clung tightly to the chimney, and then Mrs. Marlow spoke up promptly.

"You must have gone up through the skylight, Mr.

Simms, 'n you'd better come down the same way."
"I shall fall," quavered the man on the roof.

"I guess I c'n see my way now," said Marsh.

[He slipped of his shoes—he were no stockings—and was immediately conducted up two flights of stairs by Mrs. Marlow, closely followed by Mrs. Waters. Marsh noved as easily as a cat on his bare feet along the coof and had soon conducted Mr. Simms, now roof and had soon conducted Mr. Simms, now thoroughly awake, back to his room, where he was carefully ministered to by his sister, who announced hat fried clams must have been the original cause of his particular incubus.

Marsh Yates, as he put on his shoes, told Mrs. Mar-low that he'd no idea that the old chap was such a risky kind of a feller. He recommended that the skyight be kept locked after this. And he congratulated himself that he had stopped to play that last game of high-low, for if he hadn't 'twould be hard tellin' what would have been the end of them high-jinks that Mr. Simms was at.

It would be hardly possible to tell how much we have all talked about this incident. We have disenssed it in all its bearings; then have immediately begun and gone all over it again with infinite interest Each of the women on the hill has been to call on us separately, and talked of it; then they have come together and conversed on this subject; Mr. Morse has called and gone over every minutest phase. We have really been sorry that Cap'n Asel is deprived of this happiness. Maria Jane Yates concluded her remarks by "guessing that Mr. Simms was a plaguey fussy old thing, and it would have been no great loss if he'd broken his neck, as he would have done if it hadn't ben for Marsh." She was plainly proud of Marsh's connection with the affair.

It was Randy Rankin who first told us about the dventure and rescue of Mr. Simms. She came over from the Two-mile early on the very morning after the butcher gave her a lift. and she walked the rest of the way. She told the story with even more full particulars than I have given, narrating explicitly cach remark made the next day by all who had the privilege of hearing the recital. Mr. Simms did not appear at breakfast, the meal following his escapade, but he had "fully a peck" of flannel sakes sent up to him. I am quoting Randy Rankin, who has taken him. I am quoting kanny hatara, wan has taken high ground about this boarder of the Widow Mar-low's. She says that he is not sick at all, but assumes to be ill so that he "may git more victuals and better victuals than anybody else." Furthermore, she says Mr. Simms reminds her of Mr. Rankin.

It did not require an acquaintance of many hours for as to learn that any one who was irritating or aggravating in any way; who had marked faults of any kind, reminded Mr. Rankin's wite of Mr. Rankin. Randy does not live with her husband. She is not divorced from him, but the apparation has now con-tinued for many years and is considered a fixed fact. They are both perfectly respectable people. Cap'n Asel told us that "Randy she had ways, and Mr. Rankin he had ways; and somehow them ways didn't jibe as they'd oughter." The result, after twenty-five pipe as they doughter. The result, after wonly in years of trial, is that Randy lives at the Two-mile and her husband dwells by himself in an old school-house at the further end of the town.

Randy does slop-work a good deal; in summer she picks huckleberries. She has a certain knack at dress-making, and works at stated intervals for families who do not pretend to be stylish. She is phenomenally tall; is what is called raw-boned to the last degree. Her face is disfigured by a large mole on the left check, and she has a beard. Notwithstanding that this description is correct, there is something in her face that prevents it from being repulsive and she bas a shrewd and humorous sense that shines out of her deep-set eyes. She refers to her husband with great frequency and fullness. The first time she called she announced that she "had been so sort of curious

to see two women who took a notion they could live in a tent, that she made up her mind she would come over next butcher's day, if 'twant for nothin' but to see us. She had thought, if we were young and protty, 'twant exactly proper, and she may have said as much. But now—" when she reached this point she looked at us, and significantly paused.

she looked at us, and significantly paused.

The silence continued for several moments and was getting somewhat embarrassing. I rose and crossed the floor of the tent to a stand where stood a pitcher of lemonade and glasses. I offered her a glass. As I moved, my slippers, which are very old and loose as to the heels, made a clattering.

"Them shoes o' yourn makes me think c' Mr. Rankin," said our caller as she sipped her drink.
"D'ye ever hear why I happened to leave him?"

We said we had heard a great many reasons, but feared we had never heard the true one.

"It was mostly on account of slippers, let folks say what they will." she answered. And she began to give us the particulars.

GLIMPSES OF WOMEN.

THE PINCUSHION OF HONOR. From The Merchant Trave

A young commercial traveller was riding on the care in the vicinity of Grand Rapids. There were ten people riding in the same coach with him, but he noticed a very old lady who seemed to have passed the allotted span of life, and a younger woman, tired and travel-stained, and accompanied by two peevish restless little ones, who were never still for a moment.

The old lady was unattended and sat by herself, seeming oblivious of all her surroundings. The

less little ones, who were never still for a moment.

The old liady was unattended and sat by herself, seeming oblivious of all her surroundings. The mother, with her children, occupied double seats. She looked worn out with fatigue. The young man sat comfortably in the rear of the coach and read or amused himselt with his thoughts.

But when an opportunity came for him to be of service, he improved it.

He closed the window for the old lady, who feebly thacked him. He gave the tiresome children some picture-cards to keep them out of mischief. He told them stocies, and gave them innumerable drinks of water from the tank near by, while their tired mother caught a nap. He divided an orange among them and prepared another for the old lady, who declared it tasted cool and grateful.

Before they reached the station where the young man was to leave the train, and while he was getting his safehel down, the old lady beckoned him to her.

"My son," she said, in a quavering voice, "live at Grand Rapids; perbaps you have heard of me? I am the old lady who sent 300 pincashions out to the Solders' Home there. I am now eighty-threa years of and all I do is to make pincushions and give them away to deserving people. Young man, I have watched you, and here is your pincushion."

It was a bomely little round of pasteboard, but that young man declares he will never part with it as long as he lives.

ATTHE MUSICALE.

From The Detroit Free Press.

(Mr. and Mrs. Frand to each other.)

Mrs. F.—How utterly stupid it all is. There's nobody here I care anything for.

Mr. F.—The singing is awful and I won't stay to hear Spouter read.

Mrs. F.—Mercy! is he going to read! I don't see how Mrs. Rolfern does manage to get so many stupid people together. ogether.

Mr. F.—Oh, she has the culture and intellectual craze just bad enough to rave over cranks of all kinds. Let's

go.

Mrs. F.—Oh, we can't until Miss Screech gets through singing. How she does squeak! There's Professor Wise. He's to read a paper on protoplasms. Great thing for a musicale. I'd stay for refreshments if it wasn't for that But I'm breed to death now.

Mr. F.—So am I. I've yawned three times in as many different faces how.

Mr. F.—So am I. T've vawned three times in as many different faces now. (Mr. and Mrs. F. to hostess.)

Mrs. F.—We are so sorry to have to go so early, dear Mrs. Reffern, but I am not quite well. I did so want to hear Professor Wise's paper, too.

Mr. F.—And I, too. But I really must insist on my wife's going home early. We've enjoyed the evening thus far so muon. How charmingly Miss Screech sings! Mrs. F.—Oh, beautifully! How do you manage to get so many deligatini people around you, Mrs. Rediern! It is always a treat for us to come to your house, And I have so enjoyed it to-night. If my poor head didn't burt so I should so like to hear Mr. Spouter read. Will Miss Screech sing again, yes ! O. Mr. Fraud, shall we stay!

Mr. F.—No, no, my dear; not with your head hurting so, I can't allow it. I only wish it were otherwise, But now we must go. Good-night, Mrs. Redfern. Such a delightful time.

now we must go. Good-night, Mrs. Redfern. Such a delightful time.

Mrs. F.-Oh, charming, charming! Good-night! So sorry to go. Good-night.

From The Boston Transcript.

Within two days the Listener witnessed a couple of incidents on Washington-st., which illustrated admirably the difference there is in people. Passing along near the corner of Temple-place he saw two stout clderly ladies standing side by side—one facing one way, however, and the other the other way, glaring at each other with furious eyes. There was a little grinning crowd about them, and when the Listener came quite up to them he saw what was the matter. In meeting and undertaking to pass, the clothing of these two eiderly ladies had come in contact, and a projecting button upon the dress of one had caught in the lace on the garments of the other. Their strain to disentangle themselves had drawn them into a regular snarl; the wrath of each had been roused to be exclaiming, in the language of Scripture, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death i" Instead of leaving the disentanglement to one of the two, to be managed with deliberation and discretion, each was tugging away spitefully at the point of jointure. There seemed to be likelihood of an occasion for the interference of the police presently, for the faces of the two ladies were growing redder and redder, and their eyes napped more and more furiously. Presently one lady gave a desperate tug; the lace gave way and the tie was severed. But imaging the feelings of the lady whose lace had been lacerated!

Next day, passing over almost the same ground, the Listener saw a pretty girl, brown-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and short-haired, and a stout Irishwoman in a bonnet, a red and black shawl and a green [poplin dress, who were waiking in opposite directions, stop all at once, caught fast, just as the two women of the day before had been. The young girl smiled faintly and good-naturedly. The Irismonan took in the simution and courteseyed.

"Sure, miss," said she, "an' it's a sign that we'll meet in Heavel?"

"Sure, miss," said she, "an' it's a sign that we'll meet in Heaven!"

The young lady smiled more prenouncedly and said:
"Wait a moment and I will unfasten it."
With half a minute's work she disentangled the snarl.
"Ah, miss, remimber it," said the Irishwoman, as she moved away, radiant with smiles, "we're to meet in Heaven, sure!"

HER OPINION.

From The Boston Transcript.

The reports of burgiaries had made the mistress of the house cautious, and she reminded her mail of all-work that the door at the foot of the back stairs must be boiled at night, and told her the reason why.

"They wouldn't come up-stairs, would they t" asked Ableau!

organ).
"They might," said the mistress.
"And go into the rooms where folks are sleeping t"
"Yes, indeed."

"Yes, indeed." "Well, if they ain't got cheek!"

MISS DETCHON.

Proon The Philiadelphia News.

She is the pretty daughter of a Cleveland druggist. Detchon pere compounds pills in a large establishment opposite the Forest City Hotel in the city that also bears that name. He has at least two bright, vivacious and pretty daughters. He may have more. One of them came to this city and was graduated at the Woman's Medical College. The other, Adelaide, was badly stage-struck and made her first public appearance in old John Ellsworth's Theatre in Cleveland. It cannot be said that she made a marked success. Her style was so declamatory that it robbed her acting of all naturalness. Not finding popular tavor at home, the druggist's daughter travelled to Cincinnati with a letter of introduction to John B. McCormics, then city editor and also dramatic editor of The Cincinnati Enquirer. The impressionable newspaper man was charmed with her beauty and her manner. To this day he contends that she is the most ravishingly beautiful woman living. A complexion like unto peaches and cream was, he insists, never seen until nature painted the bloom on Adelaide Detchon's cheeks. He secured her a minor position in the company playing at Pike's Opera House, but there, as in Cleveland, she failed of complete success by reason of her declamatory force.

The young girl now realized that her greatest strength

as in Cleveland, she failed of complete success by reason of her deciamatory force.

The young girl now realized that her greatest strength was not of a dramatic but rather of a recitative character. In addition to her force as a declaimer she was also wonderfully gifted as a singer, possessing a remarkable ability to imitate the singing of birds. To McCormick she proposed that, with him as a nonager, she would make a tour of the leading summer resorts of the country, giving an entertainment interspersed with recitations and songs. He, however, was fearful of the financial result and thrust fortune from him. Becoming discouraged with her Western experience Adelaide travelled to New-York, where she obtained a minor position in Wallack's Theatre. She played there for some time, but while her beauty attracted attention, her acting was still marred with the old fauit. The next I heard of her she was making a sensation in London.

WHY IS HE NOT HAPPY!

WHY IS HE NOT HAPPYI

From The Philadelehia News.

When Fred Falsestep was eighteen years old he married a girl from his mother's kitchen. She was pretty at the time with the beauty incidental to youth, red cheeks, white teeth, bright eyes, trim figure. After the regulation family row Falsestep, sr., died. He left \$20,000 to his son. Fred, being an energetic person, went into business. In the course of years he finds himself worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He keeps abreast of the literature of the day and sometimes finds time to read the classics. Without being a heavy literary swell he thinks and talks like a decently educated gentleman. His wife's mental faculties have stood still, while his have matured and improved with years. Many of Falsestep's family acquaintances stick to him in spite of his matrimonial blunder. After a visit from the women of such households Mrs. Falsestep greets her husband with, "Them Straightback girls were here this afternoon. You never seed how plain they were dressed." She wonders why Fred is not interested in his old friends and doesn't ask her questions concerning them.

Mrs. Falsestep devotedly loves her husband. She thinks him the wisest man on earth. When she persuades him to drive in the park with her—and a more brilliant spectacle than Mrs. Falsestep attired for an outing it would be difficult to find—she rattles on in this way: "Did you hear them cars, Fred! Where does them go to? Hero's Mr. Oldstyle. Ain't he awful! You ain't looking the right way. This carriage comin's his'n."

But Falsestep's wife is as true as steel to him. She would gladly die for him. Why is he not happily married?

A BOSTON BEVERAGE VAN.

A BOSTON BEVERAGE VAN.

From The Boston Frost.

A few days ago a great carr loaded with liquid refreshments passed the door of a house at the West End. A New-York young lady at the window said pleasantly i "There's another evidence of the advanced culture of Boston; at home we should call that a lemonade wagon, but I see it is labelled here a beverage van." The young lady did not intend this as a hit at the parade of ambitious words by the dealer in cooling drinks, she was evidently sincere in her appreciation of the way in which culture, as it were, trickles from the hillsides to the plains in New-England.

THE ENGINES OF VANITY.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES IN PARIS.

CLOTH DRESSES-DAINTY SUMMER FABRICS-BOM NETS.

NETS.

PARIS, June 6, 1887.

Summer fashions cover two distinct kinds of goods, the light cloths and serges, whose specialty of make is left to English tailors, and the light fourards, bengalines, siciliennes, crepons and gauzes so gracefully folded and draped with a variety of ornamentation by the French couturiers. The one who holds the monopoly for the first mentioned style is Redfern; he has gained the favor and custom of all the European crowned heads. The latest mode demands that the bodies shall be very ornate, and their plastic fit has reached the last degree of perfection. Not the least wrinkle or crease must be seen anywhere about the form; bodies must have a skin fit which reveals the form to almost an indelicate nicety. For this season Redfern's materials are less glaring; scarlet tones have no longer any vogue, and although he uses many materials in various shades of green, the overbright have been discarded. The following is an effective model for walking and shopping: A green effective model for walking and shopping: A green silk skirt is edged with a narrow kilted silk flounce and over this tails a wider one of cloth cut into deep square Vandyke scallops. Toward the front of the left side a wide white cloth panel is adjusted, and left side a wide white cloth panel is adjusted, and this is covered with diagonal squares of wide green braid slightly tinged with gold threads. Over this skirt is thrown a long green cloth polonaise draped in concentric tolds front and side and fastened over a part of the white panel. The back drapery is composed of long, straight "organ pipes" of cloth completed about the tournure with a series of shawl points which are fastened to the short postilion in the back. The coreage has a plastron of white cloth and green braiding fastened on both sides by a row of metallic buttons bearing the head of a warrior.

Beige in its natural color is employed extensively for summer travelling and walking suits. Here is a pretty model waich Redfern has just sent to Russia for the Princess Wladimir: A plain velvet skirt is covered with rows of old-gold, brown and beige braiding

the Princess Wladimir: A plain velvet skirt is covered with rows of old-gold, brown and beige braiding which extend on each side to form two wide panels, decorated, moreover, by rows of gold beads. Over the skirt falls a polonaise of soft beige, looped from and back, and joined across the panels with loose bands of emoroidered gold, beige and brown passementeric. The corsage has flat pleats in the middle of the back, and a large sailor collar of beige volvet, cut out in front to allow a chemisette of gathered beige to show. The Louis XIII sleeve is gathered at the shoulder and caught into a deep, right-fatting velvet cuff below the elbow. The toque of beige and brown velvet is trimmed with embroidered ends and a robin redbreast.

Mme. Roderiques continues to make most of her summer toilets of foulards, bengalines and lace; she excels in drapings, and those goods gracefully lend themselves to this. When I visited her establishment she was exhibiting two beautiful models ordered by Lady Dalhousie. One is a foulard of a tobacco shade, Half of the skirt consists of a coarse eeru lace flounce, the other half of widths of the goods thrown, as it were, on the skirt, and held here, and there as if excewere, on the skirt, and held here and there is it core-lessly pinned, allowing some of the selvedges and wrong side to show. Over a vest of shirred ceru lace a tight-fitting jacket is adjusted, and this is trimmed with old-gold and brown passementries. The loose sides of the front are so disposed as either to be rolled over at will, thus disclosing revers covered with heavy embroideries or to be closed upon the white vest, showing at the waist only a pointed belt made of folds of foulard. The plain sleeves have plain transparent cufts of eern lace. The other toilet is a cream-colored bengaline striped with Louis XVI garlands of tiny rosebuds and forget-me-nots. Long widths of the goods are folded down the length of the skirt and knotted in bows and ends at the edge. In and among these widths are mingled double flouncings of soft malines lace, caught here and there with bows of ribbon which recall the colors of the garlands. There is a complicated drapery in the back of lace and bengaline. The back of the corsage is made of bengaline, the front of shirred malines lace ornamented with handkerchief ends tied over the class. The gathered bengaline sleeves have shirred lace cufts. vest, showing at the waist only a pointed belt made of

Felix has now the vogue and reputation that Worth possessed during the Empire and years after. American women, like the French, tire of Worth's heavy goods and make. All the noted actresses are now

goods and make. All the noted actresses are now having their stage dresses made by Felix. Mme. Baretta's exquisite young girl's toilet in the new piece "Raymonde" came from that house. It consists of a white silk skirt over which falls a long flounce of Chamberry flowered gauze shirred very deeply to give form to the hip4. A short gathered baby waist is belted with a white watered silk sash. The wide sailor collar and the cufts of the gathered sleeves are made of the same material.

Among the gala dresses, I must cite one really remarkable for its gorgeousness. A long black velvet court train was covered with large motifs of jet, between which shone long lines of massive jet in which scintillated innumerable diamonds. The edge of the train was an incrustation of jet and rivieres of diamonds, and the tabler was one compact mass of let, old-gold and diamonds. The toilet looked as if it were the receptacle of the Crown diamonds. Its possessor, Princess Lobanoft, is an unusually tall and stout woman, and Felix declares she carries the dress with royal grandeur.

Elegant wraps are made for summer wear, the passementeries and jet. A model seen at Pingat's had passementeries and jet. A model seen at Pingat's had a back and a front of alternate banes of velvet and Chantilly lace insertings, made to meet in points in the middle of the back, and falling in straight, marrow, short panels gathered in long hollow jet tassels in the front. The pelerine sleeves fitted so snugly that it was an impossibility to lift the arm; they were made of kilted Chantilly lace studged with pendants of jet fuchsias; these fuchsias also trimmed the front of the wrap. Those made entirely of black velvet and jet are perhaps the most favored by Parisian ladies. The jet is embroidered to order after the wrap is cut to suit the design and shape. All the handsomest wraps are made as tight-fitting as a bodice, and are short.

Capotes and hats are covered with flowers this season. A capote often repeated at the Paris Derby was a clear leghorn straw trimmed with high tutts of yellow and white marguerites. White and yellow are this year's predominating colors. A pretty new hat worn at the races and called "La Cigale" has a wide worn at the races and called "La Cigale" has a wide brim turned upward in the front and lined with colored velvet; on the crown is a large bouquet of flowers falling over the crown and brim. A novelty in trimming, also seen at the races, consists of long ribbons or searly of tulle or gauze strached at the back of the hat, twined around the neck and ending in a bow at the side. Mme. Heitz-Boyer has just sent a pretty capote to the Duchess de Chartres. It has a crown of clear leghora and is lined with black; it is trimmed with a large tuft of black and yellow narcissus, confined by two mercury wings of transparent straw. For the Princess Wladimir has been made a capote entirely composed of forget-me-nots, with no crown, and trimmed with a bow made of green moss; also one of blue crape and white straw, in aiternate insertings; this is trimmed with a bunch of blue corn flowers.

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P. S. WHITLINGER, Leechburg, Pa Reference: Frank T. Wray, Druggist, Apollo, Pa.

SCROFULOUS ULCERS. Richardson, Custom House, New-Orleans, on "In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my oath says: "In 1870 Serofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything knows to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mers wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them, and was perfectly a series of the cutting t

fectly cured."
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